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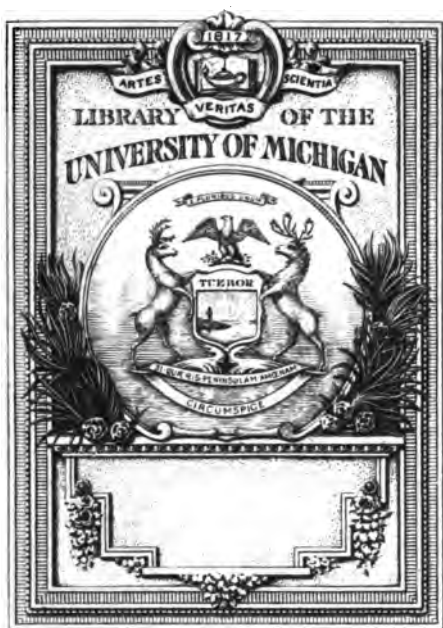
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1076

ORIGINAL POEMS:

Serious and Humourous.

By Mr. HENRY BAKER.

*At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence,
That always shews great Pride, or little Sense.*

Mr. Pope's Criticism.



L O N D O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by J. Roberts
in Warwick Lane, T. Wotton at the three Dag-
gers in Fleet-street, E. Nutt at the Royal Ex-
change, J. Parker in Pallmall, and J. Woodman
in Covent-Garden. 1725. Price 1s. 6d.

828

B1677n

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T O

Joseph Gascoign Nightingale, Esq;

PLEASE, Sir; with Your accustomed Goodness, to receive these Children of the Muses : born, and brought up, in a Family, whose prevailing Principle is a Respect for You ; and in a Country, where You are as much esteem'd as known.

A 3

That

ii *The Dedication.*

That refin'd Taste of Life, and
surprising Delicacy of Thought,
which remarkably distinguish all
You do, or say, have been strong
Checks to this Presumption: But
not sufficient to restrain that passion-
ate Desire, I have long had, of
professing how devotedly I am,

S I R,

Your Obedient and

most Humble Servant,

HENRY BAKER.



English
Hesper
9-15-39
39232

T H E

P R E F A C E.



THE Poems here published, are some few, out of a great Number, which a strong Disposition to that Sort of Writing, and a Leisure agreeable to the Muses, have produced. Perhaps, the Time might have been employ'd to much better Purpose ; but now there is no recalling it : and besides, I shall not believe it wholly lost, if so be Others can receive from it a little Part only of the Pleasure it has afforded me ; nor am I without Hope, that (amongst much Variety,) some of its Productions may not only please but profit.

A 4

Notwith-

*Notwithstanding, the World has already accepted * One of my Performances, with more Indulgence than an unknown Person could well expect, I dare not intrude much more upon it, till I prove its Inclination farther. The following Pieces, therefore, are intended to cultivate our Acquaintance ; They are selected from and deputed by the rest, to make Way for their Reception : If These are used with Kindness, the Others will get Courage enough to follow, in Expectation of the same Treatment ; but if not, They must peaceably sink again into their former Nonexistence.*

The several Pieces here put together, were not chosen out as being imagined best, but only as Specimens of the Spirit and Manner in which those behind are written ; to shew, how They, like These, are an almost equal Mixture of the Serious, the Amorous, and the Gay : And may serve for a natural History of my self, truly pointing out the Turn and Disposition of my Soul at the Time it gave them Birth. — As I scarce ever have intentionally sat down to
write,

* Invocation of Health.

P R E F A C E.

ix

write, but only copied the Ideas, I know not how arising, accidentally, in my own Mind ; as I have followed no Rules, nor at all consulted the Thoughts of Others upon the same Subjects, it is very probable, there may be less of Art, and more of Nature, than is usually found in Compositions of the like Sort : But to Those who have a just Taste of Poetry, which, Itself, is no more than a true Representation of Nature, this will give no Disgust.

Tho' I have a Parent's Tendernefs for these Children of the Brain, and a suitable Concern for their well-doing ; yet, am I not so blinded to imagine them perfect, or be fond of their Deformities. Far from that, I could point out more Faults, than, perhaps, the severest Critick will find ; so many, indeed, that to correct them, would require Time and Pains, equal, at least, to what They have already cost me, and much more than I have now to spare. But on the other Hand, I am not so excessive Bashful to think They have no Merit : Certain am I, that much
worse

worse have at several times come abroad, and been encouraged too. I could never comprehend that Compliment of some Authors to the World, who at the very time they present their Labours, declare them nothing worth: This, methinks, is not over civil; and it may be, more real Pride and Vanity lies hid under that Affectation of Modesty, than appears in my Bluntness and Unreserve.

It is certainly very difficult (if perhaps it be possible) for a Man to form a true Judgment of his own Performances: He need not indeed fear thinking worse of Them than They deserve, but is in great Danger of being deceived on the other side, by Self-Love, Mankind's first and ever-acting Principle, to fancy Beauties in them, which none besides can find. Many, without Doubt, who are now forgotten, had as good an Opinion of themselves as those Few whom their Works have justly made immortal; for whatever may be pretended, every Writer thinks He writes well, or would not write at all.

Custom,

Custom, that dull Excuse (as Lord Rochester calls it) for doing silly Things, has made a Preface in some sort necessary, or I had not given this Trouble both to the Reader and my self. But since somewhat must be said, I shall endeavour it be suitable to the real Design of such Discourses, which is, as I conceive, not only to give the Reader some previous Knowledge of what he is about to peruse, but withal to prepossess Him as much as possible in Its Behalf. They are a Kind of Recommendatory Letters from an Author to the World, and sometimes have prepared a favourable Reception, but usually are looked upon as a meer Form, and of no further Avail than to make a Book come abroad in a fashionable Dress: Few read them, and fewer still They please.

To set forth the Excellence and Difficulties of Poetry, that it admits no Mean, nor is by Study attainable, would be copious Heads for any One who loves much talking, but my self imagine it of more Service, towards answering
the

the above-said Purpose, to assure the Reader that all the Pieces He finds in this Bundle are entirely new : Novelty often-times is admitted as a Kind of Merit, and my Hopes from hence are more sanguine, than from even all the flattering Insinuations Self-Love that smiling Deceiver can suggest. There is likewise a great Variety in the Numbers and Manner, as well as Subjects they treat on, which, perhaps, may still contribute somewhat towards making them more acceptable.

The greatest and sincerest Pleasure I know in Life, is, to please Others, for This my daily Study and my continual Care; my next, is, to offend no Body. How well I may succeed in the first, a little Time will shew; but of the latter I am almost certain, having industriously avoided whatever might disoblige. Here is no Party-Reflection, no Scandal, nor Ill-Nature, which secures me from any Apprehension of personal Enemies; and will, I perswade my self, make my other Faults more easily passed over.

And

And now, I have only to intreat the Reader, for his own Sake as well as mine, to come with an Intent of being pleas'd, and where Reason will permit, rather chuse to commend than blame. It is easier to find out Imperfections in all Human Performances ; but, methinks, much more delightful to consider their Beauties ; and that is an unhappy Delicacy which makes One sensible of such Things only as Disgust. However my Abilities may prove deficient, my Endeavours have been to entertain, and some Regard is surely due even for an intended Kindness : Especially, when that Intent appears in real Action.

I am obliged to many Friends for their favourable Opinion of These in Manuscript ; and as several of them are Persons of exquisite Judgment, joyned with great Integrity, have thence chiefly been encouraged to make them publick, hoping from Others also equal Candour and Good-Nature.

I will no longer detain the Reader : What I have already said, is, perhaps, unnecessary more would be impertinent.





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T H E
P E T I T I O N.

GRant me, You Gods! before I die,
An happy Mediocrity;
I envy not the Man that's Great;
His Floors inlaid, his Coach of State;
To me an humble Quiet's more
Than all the Statesman's dearly purchas'd Store.
Nor Rank, nor Wealth, I ask: But let me be
Above Contempt, and wantful Poverty:
Give me a Mind not anxious to encrease,
But able to enjoy my little Stock in Peace;

B

Be

Be it unruff'd, calm, sedate,
Not rais'd above, but equal to my Fate.
Good-Nature still in my Behaviour shine,
And be Humanity for ever mine :
May true Religion, that unerring Guide,
Direct my Flight

To Heav'n aright,
But let me lay Its empty Forms aside.
Health and sound Reason give me still,
To judge unbiass'd what is Good or Ill.
Obedient let my Passions be
To all the Rules of strict Morality.

Now, You Heav'nly Pow'rs above !
Benign, indulgent, full of Love,
If in all your boundless Store
A Blessing so unprizable there be,
Crown whate'er you gave before
With a true Friend, full of Sincerity :

Be He th'Adviser of my rising Thoughts,
Able and willing to correct their Faults.

Grant me this, and wheresoe'er
Phæbus shews his Golden Ray,
Underneath the frozen Bear,
Or in the sultry Wilds of *Africa*,
Place me wheresoe'er you please,
On th'extended Continent,
Or some Island dasht with Seas,
Still shall I praise You, and be well content.



TO *F L O R A*.

A N A C R E O N T I C K.

TELL, my *Flora*, tell me, why,
Little Love, and Thou, and I,

B 2

Hasten

Haften not to yonder Bow'r,
There fecure the prefent Hour ?

Pr'ythee, let us not delay
Seizing Pleafure while we may :
Opportunity, now fmiling,
Is uncertain, and beguiling ;
Who knows what may hap to-morrow,
Good, or Evil, Joy, or Sorrow ?

Thofe are out of *Fortune's* Pow'r,
Who poffefs the lucky Hour.

Come, my *Flora*, let us try,
Whether Love, and Thou, and I,
Cannot find a prudent Way
Fully to enjoy to-day :
Sure, my *Flora*, fure we may.

Folded in each Other's Arms,
Raptur'd with each Other's Charms,

Be thy snowy Bosom prest
To this panting glowing Breast :
O ! My Charmer ! let us prove
All the Mysteries of Love,
Each bestowing, each possessing,
Ev'ry Wish, and ev'ry Blessing.

Pr'ythee, be not long denying,
Winged *Time* is ever flying :
Even now a Moment's gone :
Death is always posting on :
While we foolishly delay,
He may snatch us both away.

Of all to come beyond the Grave
We can no Conception have,
Mortal Opticks cannot see
Into dark *Eternity* ;

B 3

What

What is Pleasure here, we know,
Love alone is truly so,
Let us hasten then to prove
All the smiling Joys of Love ;
Never more, perhaps, may be
Another Possibility.

And in whatsoever Way,
Buifie, Idle, Dull, or Gay,
Howfoe'er we Life employ,
Be it full of Grief, or Joy,
Whether Young, or Old, we die,
Lingering, or Suddenly,
Whether we neglect, or care,
Still the same must be our Lot,
To go, and live, we know not where,
Be, and do, we know not what.

An

*An Hymn to J U P I T E R.*

TO Thee, Great *Jove* ! our Hearts, our
Hands, our Eyes, [whom
Thankful, we raise, Great *Jove* ! to Thee, from
Whatever Good we or enjoy, or hope,
Came, and must come, to Thee Beneficent !

Grand Parent of the Universe ! Supreme !
Almighty One ! with Adoration, low,
Prostrate, thy Creatures fall ; prostrate they fall,
Joyful, exulting, chanting forth thy Praise.
Thy Praise, whose Bounty unexhaustible
Eternal flows, on All thy Creatures flows,
But most on Man : Then most by Man be paid :
Of Thanks, of Praise, of Adoration low.

Our Being first, Great God ! we praise thee for,
That Man (not Fish, or Bird, or Beast, but Man)
Man thou hast made us, Man the Lord of all,
Of Beast, of Bird, of Fish, of whatsoe'er
Or swims, or walks, or flies, the native King,

For Life we praise thee much, for Reason more ;
For Reason, glorious Gift ! than Life more worth :
Man's grand Preheminence ! in All beside,
Swiftness, or Strength, or Perfectness of Sense,
He nor excells, nor equals, but by This,
By This he reigns, superior, o'er the Brute.

Accept our Adoration, gracious King ! [Praise,
For Food, for Health : Accept our Thanks and
For all those Blessings which thy liberal Hand,
Magnificently bountiful ! bestows :

Thee

Thee we adore for All: But most for One,
One Blessing! more than All: absent which One
Not All could make us happy, which alone
Refines the rest, and makes them worth our Care.

All Glory be to thee, great *Jove*! for Woman:
For Woman! Form divine! Creature Celestial!
Thy best, thy fairest Work! wherein compriz'd
Is all of Good, or Fair. How great thy Love!
How great thy Love to Man! when him thou gav'st
This last, this choicest Gift! This, last thou gav'st,
For, after this, what more was there to give?
All Glory be to Thee, great *Jove*! for Woman!
For all thy Blessings, Glory be to Thee,
But most for Woman! Woman more than all!

KITTY's



K I T T Y's Dream.

ON her Couch, one Summer's Day,
 Beauteous, youthful *Kitty* lay:
Venus saw her from above,
 (Smiling *Venus*, Queen of Love:)
 Amaz'd at each celestial Grace,
 Her polish'd Limbs, her blooming Face,
 Come here, my Son, she said, and see
 One you might have took for me.
 Roguish *Cupid*, laughing, cries,
 O give me leave to quit the Skies,
 And make that heav'nly Maiden prove
 The various Mysteries of Love:
 The close Embrace, the juicy Kifs,
 The raging, melting, dying Bliss.

Venus

Venus contented; go, my Boy,
Make her know the Height of Joy.

Away the Archer and his Train
Sport along th' Etherial Plain.

Now, around the sleeping Fair
Thousand *Cupids* fill the Air;
In her Bosom some inspire
Tender Wishes, warm Desire;
Some in balmy Kisses sip
Nectar from her glowing Lip;
Her each heaving snowy Breast,
Some with wanton Ardor press'd;
Twining round, her slender Waste,
Some with eager Joy embrac'd;
Whilst at random others rove
Thro' the fragrant Groves of Love.

While thus the God his Revels keeps,
Kitty, happy Virgin! sleeps:
A pleasing Dream her Soul employs,
Rich with imaginary Joys,

She thinks, Sir *Charles* upon his Knees,
Beseeching her to give him Ease ;
That she disdainful looks a while,
At length, with a complying Smile
His Fears dispelling, lets him see
She burns with Love as much as He:
That folded in his eager Arms,
He boldly rifles all her Charms,
While she returns the warm Embrace,
Breast to Breast, and Face to Face!

Sighing, she wakes: Ah Love! she cries,
How vast must be thy real Joys?

When

When thus divinely great they seem,
Tho' but imagin'd in a Dream!

Scarcely this Reflection o'er,
A Footman thunders at the Door:
Kitty, disorder'd, leaves her Couch,
And *Betty* tells the Knight's approach.

He enters with becoming Grace,
Blushes overspread her Face;
In a soft persuasive Strain
He begs her to relieve his Pain:
Nothing she says: but from her Eyes
He learns that nothing she denies.
Encourag'd thence, her Lips, her Breast,
He tries, and wanders o'er the Rest;
The glowing Maid, no longer coy,
Gives an unbounded Loose to Joy,

Around

Around him folds her snowy Arms,
At once bestowing all her Charms:
And now, this happy Couple prove
All the substantial Sweets of Love,
While thousand *Cupids*, laughing by,
Assist their blissful Ecstasy.

Loosen'd from his fond Embrace,
My Dream, she cries, is come to pass!
And did my Charmer dream of this?
Sir *Charles* replies, and takes a Kiss;
Henceforth, whene'er you dream, my Dear,
Let me be your Interpreter.



The *T O A S T.*

HEALTH to *Anna!* Nature's Treasure!
Health to *Anna!* charming Fair!
Health to *Anna!* Health and Pleasure,
Health and Pleasure, void of Care!

Crown'd with Peace and smiling Love,
Long, on Earth, may she possess
All the Blest enjoy above,
Beauty, Health, and Happiness!

To *F L O R A.*

FALSE one! You have oft profess'd,
I alone could make you blest;

Where-

Wherefore then am I despis'd?
Wherefore is my Rival priz'd?
Why, he's rich, and makes a Shew,
A pert, fantaſtick, airy Beau:
I guilty am of Poverty,
A Crime your Sex will ne'er paſs by.

His Eſtate lies wide around,
And may with little ſearch be found;
Mine, out of Sight, above the Skies,
On *Parnaffus*' Mountain lies.

He preſents, to prove his Paſſion,
Ev'ry Toy that comes in Faſhion,
And whatever Gold can buy,
To pleaſure Pride and Vanity.
Verſe, wherein my Love I ſing,
Verſe and Love is all I bring;

True

True, the Present is but small,
Yet, alas ! it is my All.

This, is what makes me despis'd ;
This, what makes my Rival priz'd.
Stupid Pride of Womankind !
To all, but Show and Folly, blind !
Simple Maid ! can Riches prove
A greater Happiness than Love ?
Will noisy Pomp and splendid Cloaths
Afford Content and true Repose ?

Mistaken Fair ! what I present,
Out-lasting Gold and Adamant,
Records You in the Rolls of Fame,
And gives an everlasting Name.

His Wealth, indeed, will make you Great,
And you may live, and die, in State ;

C

But,

But, accepting Love and Me,
You, *Flora* ! shall immortal be.

~~NOTICE TO THE READER~~

A S E R I O U S
R E F L E C T I O N
On Human Life.

HOW vain is Man ! how foolish all his Ways
How short, and yet, how sorrowful his Days
From Life's first Moment, to its latest Date,
A painful, careful, miserable State
Languid as Sunshine in a Winter's Day,
Its worthless Joys, scarce tasted, haste away :
But Grief, and Labour, everlasting flow,
And make out one continu'd Scene of Woe.

Like Blades of Grass, poor Mortals fall, and rise;
Here one springs up, one withers there, and dies :
This Sun restores the Loss of Yesterday,
To-morrow takes, what this restor'd, away.
Thus fiery Meteors dance along the Plain,
Now up, now down, now seen, now lost again.

Man's Infant-State is chiefly pass'd in Tears ;
His Youth in Bondage under Tyrant Fears ;
Manhood drives headlong with a loosen'd Rein,
By Passion spur'd, nor Reason can restrain ;
And in Old Age even Life it self is Pain. }
Thus ev'ry Stage peculiar Sorrow knows,
As Years on Years so Woes increase on Woes.

On Man, if poor, ten thousand Ills attend,
Abandon'd, comfortless, He knows no Friend ;
A wretched Life his Labours scarce sustain,
Begun, continu'd, and dragg'd on with Pain.

By All regarded with a scornful Eye,
Despis'd He lives, does unlamented die :
No pompous Obsequies his Coarse shall have,
Alone, and unattended to the Grave:

But, if the Gods have doom'd him rich, and great,
He stands a Mark for all the Darts of Fate :
So lofty Mountains Storms and Tempests know,
While gentle Calms bless all the Plains below.

Tho' on his Brows a Regal-Circle blaze,
And wond'ring Crowds at humble Distance gaze,
Wait ev'ry Nod, his each Command obey,
Aw'd by the false delusive Charms of Sway,
He sadly feels that Weight which bends him down,
And finds there's no Enjoyment in a Crown :
Distinguish'd by his Purple, and his Cares,
His Grief's superior, as the Rank He bears.

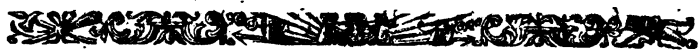
No

No Age, no State, unhappy Mortals know,
Which is not full, and over-charg'd with Woe :
Troubles from Life, as Sparks from Fire, 'rise ;
Man's born, knows Care, looks round, laments,
and dies.



A SONG. To FLORA.

WHAT is Glory, Wealth, or Pleasure,
After which Mankind aspire ?
Thou, My Life ! art all the Treasure,
Joy, and Glory, I desire.
On thy snowy Bosom lying,
Praising my auspicious Fate,
Love a mutual Bliss supplying,
I am Happy, Rich, and Great.



The F E A T H E R.

IN *Florimel's* Arms, and almost out of Breath,
 I'll kiss Thee, my Charmer ! I'll kiss Thee to
 Death !

Cry'd *Thyrsis*, in Raptures,—but soon on her Breast
 He sunk down his Head, and compos'd him to rest.

Not long had They, lain thus unactive together,
 Ere the Wanton pluck'd out from the Bolster a
 Feather ;

And grasping Him close, till he open'd his Eyes,
 In a Tone of Derision, the Witty One cries,
 To prevent being kill'd, in the Manner you said,
 I design, with this Feather, to chop off your Head:

The



The COMPLAINT. An ELEGY.

AH! luckless Love! must I for ever bear
This Load of Woe, nor know an End of
Care?

Must this fond Heart, in spite of her Disdain,
Still sigh for One regardless of Its Pain?

While down these Cheeks the trickling Sorrow ^{[glides,}
And in this Breast nought but Despair abides,
Secure of Conquest, with a scornful Joy,
She, cruel Fair! takes Pride in being coy:
No Pity does she show, but hard as Stone
Is her relentless Heart, unheeding of my Moan.

Tho', as to Heaven, I for her Mercy sue,
While Tears in Show'rs the thirsty Earth bedew,

Deaf as the Northern Wind, from Me she flies,
And glories in the Mischiefs of her Eyes.
Sooner might Tears an hungry Tyger move
To leave its Prey untouch'd, than her to love.

Ah ! fatal Beauty ! charming past compare !
But much, alas, inhuman more than fair !

The lonely Groves with my Laments resound,
And pitying Beasts, attentive stand, around ;
Sad *Philomela* wonders at my Moan,
And flags her Wings, forgetful of her own.
Both Birds and Beasts my Complaints to Pity move,
But cruel She with Scorn returns my Love.
My Bloom of Youth by Grief is worn away,
(For Grief, like Age, brings on a sure Decay.)
Ah ! why ? alas ! was I, unhappy ! born !
To perish by the Rigour of her Scorn ?

Hard-

Hard-hearted Maid ! thy Cruelty forbear,

'Tis Life I beg, a prostrate Captive spare.

O could my Pains thy Breast to Pity move !

O could my Flame but warm thy Heart with Love !

In Pray'rs for Thee the Life thou gav'st I'd spend,

Nor, but with that, my Gratitude should end.

Vain thoughts of Life ! kind Death alone remains,

To ease me of her Scorn, and terminate my Pains.



To *F L O R A* Drest.

WHY art thou drest, my lovely Maid !

In Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade ?

When Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,

Conceal thy Charms, my lovely Maid !

Why

II.

Why spend'st thou all this Time and Care;
 To form thy Shape, to fold thy Hair?
 Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy flowing Hair,
 More beautiful are without thy Care.

III.

Would'st thou, indeed, be finely dress'd?
 Put by this Robe which hides thy Breast:
 Unbound thy Hair, and bare thy Breast,
 Thou art, my Charmer! finely dress'd.

IV.

Remove these Vestments all away,
 Which like dark Clouds obscure the Day:
 O! let them not obscure thy Day:
 Remove them all, my Fair! away.

V.

Then shining forth adorn'd with Charms,
 Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!

Tran-

transported; fold thee in my Arms!

and gaze and wonder at thy Charms.



The MEDITATION

[F Wealth produc'd Content, if Heaps of Gold
Could Happiness insure, I too would toil,
and break my Rest: wou'd seek the busy World
and bustle thro' the Crowd; no Labour spare,
No Danger shun, but resolute, through all
Urge on, impetuous, 'till I might obtain
An ample store of Metal: Fortune's Smiles
Would court, obsequious, and to her prefer
My daily Adorations.

————— But since she,
With all her Gifts of Bower, Wealth, and Name,
From Care and Wretchedness cannot free
Her darling Minions: Since that gawdy Glare

Which strikes the vulgar Eye, is all a vain
Imaginary Good : Since Gold increas'd,
Is but increas'd Anxiety, and Power
To endless Fears obnoxious; much more blest
Beneath this spreading Beech, am I than He
Whose Brows a Coronet circles. Here, unknown
Unenvy'd, undisturb'd, the Muse and I
Enjoy an humble Quiet: O you Powers
All-over-ruling! long may we enjoy
This humble Quiet, lowly, yet content!

And, thou, my Muse! Companion best belov'd
Remote from Courts and Noise, still, still, may'st thou
Chant forth thy Strains, harmonious, in the Praise
Of Virtue, and of Beauty: but not deign,
O never may'st thou deign to sooth the Great!
Or stoop to servile Flattery! ——— sincere,

Ho-

honest, without Ambition, still bestow,
That little Share of Fame thou canst bestow,
In those who best deserve ! where Virtue calls,
Or Beauty shines, or Gratitude inspires.



A M A N D A 's

C H A R A C T E R.

WITHOUT Affectation, gay, youthful and
pretty ;
Without Pride, or Meanness, familiar and
[witty ;
Without Forms, obliging, good-natur'd, and free ;
Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

[says ;
She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she
Regards alike both of Censure and Praise :

But

But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions,
are such,

That none can admire or praise them too much.



The RESOLUTION.

TH^O *Flora* scorns me, I will not despair:
What Beauty is there in a cruel Fair?

Fair tho' she be, if she my Love disdains,

My Heart shall break the Bondage of her Chains;

As she my Passion, I'll her Scorn despise,

Her Pride shall cure the Mischief of her Eyes.



~~AND THE HISTORY OF THE SPINNING-WHEEL~~

THE

SPINNING-WHEEL,

AN EPISTOLARY TALE.

*In a Letter out of the Country to Mr. Thomas
P—ch—d at London.*

DEAR TOM,

THIS comes to let you know

I'm well, thank God, and hope you're so:

In Truth, I'm very much perplext,

For something fine to write you next,

So leave this Blank ~~—~~

~~—~~ for you to fill,

With— even whatso'er you will.

According, now, to ancient Use,

From Compliments I come to News:

Then

Then know the Vicar's Daughter's marry'd,
And Sister *Susan* has miscarry'd;
His Worship's Son has been so wild,
To get the Chamber-Maid with Child,
Which gives his Father such Offence,
He never has been sober since.

As next in Course, on you attends
The just Respect of all your Friends;
Accept of Services by Dozens,
From all your loving Aunts and Cousins:
The Sheet of Paper would not hold 'em,
Or one by one I should have told 'em.

Next, on my Part, in order, comes
My hearty Love to *John*, and *James*,
To smiling *Kate* and buxom *Dolly*,
Yet not forgetting pretty *Molly*.

And

And, now, for want of other Matter,
Wherewith to furnish out my Letter;
To you, Dear *Tom*, I will unfold
A Story, which for Truth is told;
But whether true or false, no doubt,
Your Judgment, *Tom*, will soon find out;
And make a proper Application
Of what I give the bare Relation.

Once on a Time (my Story says)
An over-studious Priest there was,
Who to the Age of Fifty three
Had hoarded his Virginity;
Resisting *Satan* all his Life
In Form of Mistress,——or of Wife.
But when, and where, is not agreed,
(Which let for that Omission plead)

D

Tho'

Tho' what's material in the Case
Relates to Fact, not Time and Place.

But not to make a long Digression,
According to the Modern Fashion;
Grown weary of a single Life,
He now resolv'd to take a Wife.
The Cause, indeed, is not assign'd,
Which made the Parson change his Mind ;
But, if to guess we may be bold,
He found the Winter Nights were cold :
And, if we may go on in guessing,
Thought Nat'ral Heat, the most refreshing,
But whether This, or what beside,
We'll leave the Learned to decide.

Pursuant to this Resolution,
The next Thing was which Way to chuse One :
For,

For, right the Parson did conclude,
Bad some might be, tho' some were Good :
But, since He no Experience had
How to distinguish Good from Bad,
The only Way he meant to try,
Was taking her would first comply.
For if all Wedlock is a Lottery,
Thinks he, 'tis but a piece of Sottery,
In chusing for to make a Pother,
When one may prove as good as t'other :
And, since kind Fate is still our Guide,
Both to the Flatter and the Bride ;
Ev'n let's on that alone rely,
Whether to Marry, or to Die,
And wisely yield to Destiny.

In vain is mortal Wit employ'd,
To This to gain, or That avoid :

Just when we think to grasp a Joy,
O'er-ruling Fate, which acts unseen,
With Arm-forbidding Steps between,
And does our blooming Hope destroy.
Then let's on That devolve our Care,
And all our useless Labour spare.

The Doctor (for that He was so
I should have told you long ago;
But for a Poet to forget,
Dear *Thomas*, is not strange a bit,)
In *Sunday* Gown and Cambrick Band
Equip'd him for the promis'd Land.
For He imagin'd now, Friend *Thomas*,
That Wedlock was the *Land of Promise*,
And fancy'd, He could plainly show,
It did with Milk and Honey flow :

Tho',

Tho', if we may pretend to guess,
He found it but the *Wildernefs*.

But to take up the Point in Hand,
Which seems, at present, at a stand;
On Heaven's Direction he rely'd,
And forth he went to seek a Bride.

Not far the pious Priest had gone,
Before he met with Farmer *John*;
Neighbour, says he, I think you have
A Daughter, and her Name I crave;
Doctor, cry'd honest *John*, 'tis true,
I must have one, because I've two;
And if you'd know the Names of both,
The one is *Sis'ly*, t'other *Ruth*.
Sis'ly, and *Ruth*? the Doctor cry'd,
Well, one of these must be my Bride:

D 3

And

And, Neighbour, to declare the Truth,
I like, methinks, the Name of *Ruth*;
The Reason I prefer the same,
Is, 'cause it is a Scripture Name:
For, where the Scripture can decide,
It always ought to be our Guide.

The Farmer gave his free Consent,
And Home with him the Doctor went;
Where, overjoy'd, that he should be
The Father of Divinity;
An ample Can of nappy Ale,
Exceeding strong, and wondrous stale,
The Farmer brought, to drink Success
To their approaching Happiness;
(For *John* had always understood,
A Bargain dry could not be good.)

And,

And, lastly, to conclude the Matter,
He call'd in *Ruth*, his youngest Daughter.

Just in the Glory of her Youth,
About sixteen was rosy *Ruth*.

The Doctor kiss'd her; call'd her Child;
She drop'd a Curt'sey; blush'd; and smil'd.

He ask'd her if she'd change her Life,

And yield to be a Parson's Wife:

That he was now resolv'd on Marriage:

Lik'd both her Person, and her Carriage,

And in the Morning did design,

That Brother Crape their Hands shou'd joyn.

Ruth told him, he went on too fast,

That she was not in so much Haste,

Nor did, indeed, design to marry,

At soonest, till next *January*;

That she was Young, but he was Old,
And much she fear'd, exceeding Cold ;
(For *Dick* had given her to guess
How warm a youthful Lover was,
And by Contraries she might know,
An ancient one could not be so.)
In short, he might go seek elsewhere,
A Wife he ne'er should have of her.
Thus having told her full Intent,
A Curt'fy drop'd; and out she went.

The Doctor this with Grief affected,
Who no such Usage had expected;
But trusting to the Proverb still,
That if one won't another will,
He hop'd to reconcile the Matter,
By taking of the other Daughter:

And

And looking on the Farmer wittly,
Desir'd he would call in *Sis'ly*.

About the Age of thirty three,
A Maiden stale was *Sisely* :
But for her Years let's not despise her,
As She was older, She was wiser ;
And formal Courtship laid aside,
Became at once the Doctor's Bride:

Their Hands were join'd : The Table spread :
The Night came on : They went to Bed :
Where let 'em sleep, and take their Ease :
And freely do ~~——~~ whatever they please.

Now, *Phæbus* gave *Aurora* Warning,
And Whip and Spur drove on the Morning :
When

When surfeited with Marriage Charms,
 The Doctor left his *Siszy's* Arms,
 With different Thoughts of Wedlock quite,
 Than he lay down with over-night:
 And, truly, I have clear forgot
 Whether he did repent, or not;
 But whether quite so soon or no,
 Thousands there be which have done so:
 For Marriage is observ'd to be
 A fatal kind of Prodigy;
 At Distance wears an Angel's Charms,
 But turns a Devil in One's Arms.

And, now, the Doctor left his Bride,
 To thumb the Books he'd laid aside,
 But told her, tho' she was his Wife,
 She must not lead a lazy Life,

Or purpose to be wholly idle,
Whilst he is poring o'er the Bible,
For that same Text is very meet,
Which says, Who works not shall not eat,
And his Desire was, indeed,
That She should spin whilst He should read.
She told him she would still obey
Whate'er Commands he pleas'd to lay,
And make the Business of her Life
To prove a kind obliging Wife.

Now, thus, almost a Month was run,
The Doctor read, and Sir's spun;
At last, a Whim came in his Head,
That he (forsooth) would read it Bed,
Till he, for Sleep, could do no more
Than put the Candle out, and fore.

Oft *Sis'ly* by Perswasion try'd,
 To make him lay his Books aside ;
 But spight of all that she could say :
 The Doctor still would have his Way :
 Night came in vain : She sigh'd, and turn'd :
 The Doctor read : The Candle burn'd :
 No Comfort did she find in Bed :
 The Candle burn'd : The Doctor read :

One Night, she full of Wiles lay,
 That he would put his Book away :
 But finding it was all in vain,
 To sigh, to reason, or complain ;
 She from his Side did softly steal,
 And fetch'd to Bed her Spinning-Wheel.

The Doctor, staring with Surprise,
 Could scarce give Credit to his Eyes :

Good

Good God ! says he, what is't you do ?
What Tricks are you about to shew ?
Was Woman e'er before so mad
To bring a Spinning-Wheel to Bed ?

Poor *Sis'ly* squeez'd the Doctor's Hand,
And told him, She his wife Command
Had well consider'd; plainly shewing,
That ev'ry One shou'd still be *Doing*.
The Doctor smiling, guess'd what meant
His blushing Spouse's Compliment ;
And took the Thing by its right Handle,
Laid down his Book : Blow'd out the Candle.



A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.*

I

ON the Bank of a River so deep,
Whose Waters glide silently on,
Sad *Rosalind* sat down to weep,

For *Damon* her Lover was gone :
The fairest and faithfullest She,
Of all that tripp'd over the Plains ;
But, alas ! the most fickle was He,
Among all the Shepherds and Swains.

II.

Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream,
All his Vows are forgotten ! she cries,

Regarded

Regarded no more than a Dream,

Tho' for Him his fond Shepherdess dies :

He's gone, the false Creature is gone,

To deceive some fresh Nymph o' the Plain,

Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan

The Loss of a perjured Swain.

III.

Beware, you bright Maidens ! beware,

If my treacherous Shepherd you meet ;

For, alas ! he's bewitchingly fair,

When he speaks there's no Musick so sweet :

As the Spring he is blooming and gay,

As the Summer delightful and kind,

But believe not one word he can say,

For he's false as the wavering Wind.

IV.

Foolish Maid ! whilst I thought he was true,

I sent up no Look to the Skies ;

All

All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew,
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wish'd for no Heaven above ;
No Sorrow, no Pain, could I fear,
No Hell but the Loss of his Love.

V.

How fondly endearing was He,
Till I granted whate'er he desir'd ?
But, you Virgins ! take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd :
Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
He ungrateful is flown from my Arms,
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And despises these fullyed Charms.

VI.

Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in store,
For the Breach of those Vows which he made,

Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd :
But forgive him, you Powers above !
Tho' he's false, bring no Harm on his Head,
But crown him with Beauty and Love,
Long after poor *Rosalind's* dead.

VII.

Thus she mourn'd : What a Scene all around !
The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
And the Stream shews her blubbered Eyes ;
All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
The Winds have forgotten to blow,
And the Willows bend over her Head.



E

To



To F R I E N D S H I P.

HAil! Sacred Friendship! Life's sublimest Joy!
 Which all the Rage of Fortune can't destroy:
 Thou! Source of Bliss! Thou! Sorrow's kind Relief!
 Above, below, for ever Thou the Chief!
 Heav'n, without Thee, would comfortless appear,
 And who enjoys Thee finds an Heaven here.



The R A P T U R E.

YOU Gods! to fold the Charmer in my Arms
 And press her panting bosom close to mine
 Whilst with tumultuous Ardor turning round,
 With equal Warmth my Rapture she returns,

Own

Owens all the Blifs, and gives me Sigh for Sigh!
 To drink large Draughts of Pleasure from her Lips,
 And in her Eyes behold immortal Day,
 Is Extacy so great ! Delight so vast !
 That was it lasting, could but Nature bear
 The Rage of such unsufferable Joy,
 Thus blest, I scarce one Thought should cast away
 On Heav'n's eternal Happinels, or You !

~~THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME~~

F L A V A

A Dorn'd with ev'ry blooming Grace,
 Divinely Fair is *Flava's* Face :
 Practis'd in each deceitful Art,
 Basely false is *Flava's* Heart.



A P R O O F of L O V E.

AS Buxom *Susan* milk'd the brindl'd Cow,
 Young *Ralph* return'd from holding of the
 Plow :

Behind he catch'd her, and cry'd out, O *Sue* !

I love thee dearly ! ——— by this Bufs I do !

Then kifs'd her out of Breath : With wanton Joy

She clasp'd him round, and hugg'd the lusty Boy

Her Cheeks with Pleasure glow, her Bubbies swell,

Why, *Ralph* ! . says she ———

I did not think you lov'd me half so well !





To Mrs. JANE FORSTER,

On her Birth-Day. *August 4th. 1724.*

An O D E.

I.

TO Thee, *Miranda* ! fair and young,
To Thee, bright Object of Desire !
Still the Muses form their Song,
Raise their Voice, and tune their Lyre.

II.

Venus rising from the Sea,
By her Train of Love surrounded,
While with joyful Harmony
Ev'ry Shore her Praise resounded,
Shone not half so bright as Thee.

E 3

III. With

III.

With envious Eyes, thy growing Charms,
 Averse, beholds the blooming Maid,
 Their Force she knows, and is afraid
 To lose her Lover from her Arms.

IV.

Devout, before the Throne of *Jove*,
 With lifted Hands and bended Knee,
 The Youth whose Soul is fill'd with Love,
 Ne'er thinks of Heav'n, but prays for Thee.

V.

Darling of thy Parent's Care !
 Center of their Hope and Fear !
 Smiling Wonder ! living Treasure !
 Best deserving, choicest Pleasure !
 Much, and long, O may'st Thou be
 A Bliss to Them, and They to Thee !

VI.

All that Angels find above,
All the Joys of Life and Love,
On Thee ever, ever flow !
Pining Sickness, drooping Fear,
Weeping Sorrow, wasting Care,
May'st Thou never, never know !



A S O N G.

I.

GREAT Love ! thou universal King !
From whom our Joys and Sorrows spring,
Take Pity on my Pain :
Command *Eliza*, in whose Eyes
The Force of mighty Magick lyes,
To ease a lovesick Swain.

E 4

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis she for whom I daily pray,
 'Tis she for whom I pine away,
 She's all my Hope and Care :
 From her the Torments I endure,
 From her alone must come my Cure,
 By Kindness, or Despair.

DAMON *and* CLOE.

A S O N G.

I.

Damon. **L**OVE's an idle childish Passion,
 Only fit for Girls and Boys ;
 Marriage is a cursed Fashion,
 Women are but foolish Toys.

II. Spight

II.

Spight of all the tempting Evils,
Still thy Liberty maintain;
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
Man alone was made to reign.

I.

Cloe. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
Thou, who dar'st my Pow'r defy;
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
Tremble at my Feet, and die.

II.

Wherefore does thy Colour leave Thee?
Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
Did the Rebel *Pride* deceive Thee?
Ask Him who's the Monarch now.





A P R A Y E R,

For a young Lady sick.

I.

Fitter for the Bridal-Bed,
Than the cold and silent Grave,
Let Death take thousands in her stead,
But, O You Gods! *Florinda* save.

II.

Hear Mankind's united Prayers,
Grant their Wishes, dry their Tears,
Send balmy Health to heal her Pain,
And raise her up, again to reign!



On the Death of Mrs. HALSEY,
Aged Nineteen.

— — — — — *nec me meminisse pigebit Eliza,*
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit Artus.

I.

MOURN, O You Muses ! mourn, You
Virgin Train !

Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain :
Beauteous *Florinda*, whom the Shepherds sung,
Joy of each Heart, and Praise of every Tongue,
With whose dear Name the smiling Vallies rung.
Sigh to the Winds, and let the Winds reply,
Weep to the Streams, and raise their Waters high;
Complain to Eccho, and bid Eccho tell
The wond'ring Shores, why all their Rivers swell,
Make

Make every Grove, and every Mead around,
With plaintive Moan, and loud Laments resound ;
Those flowery Meads o'er which she trip'd along,
Those gladfom Groves which list'ned to her Song.
Bid them, no more stretch forth a verdant Shade,
Bid them, no more a flow'ry Carpet spread,
But bid them die : ---for she in whom they joy'd
[is dead !

II.

Mourn, O You Muses! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain :
 Amongst ten thousand eminently fair,
 With such distinguish'd Light the Morning Star
 Shines forth, superior, glittering from afar.

Just in the Prime of Life, her heav'nly Charms
Mature, and bending to the Lover's Arms,
Death, cruel Spoiler! came: Shook down the Fruit,
Lop'd all the Branches, and destroy'd the Root.

Q!

O ! what is Beauty, which Mankind esteem ?
Or what is Life ? ——— A momentary Dream,
A fleeting Shade, a Bubble fill'd with Breath,
And wafted by the Winds — the Sport of Death.

That Tyrant Death, whose unrelenting Arm
Force strives in vain to vanquish, Gold to charm ;
With Terrors compass'd round, He stalks along,
Despoils the Rich, and overthrows the Strong :
Nor Age, nor Sex, nor Worth, nor Beauty spares,
Blind to the Parent's Woes, deaf to the Lover's
[Pray'rs.
III.

Mourn, O You Muses ! mourn, You Virgin Train !
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain :
Florinda, lovely as the new-born Spring
Affording Life and Joy to every Thing,
With all the Charms of Youth and Beauty gay,
Is now become a Lifeless Lump of Clay.

Where

Where are those Eyes which set the Plains on fire?
 That Bloom which warm'd the Aged with Desire?
 That Angel-Sweetness? that Carnation-Glow?
 Those Lips of Rubies? and those Breasts of Snow?
 Breathless! and pale! and cold! alas! she lies!
 Jove's pointed Light'ning has forsook her Eyes,
 The Bloom her Cheeks: No longer fair and young:
 Fled are her Charms, and silent is her Tongue!

So, some choice Flow'r, the Artist's darling Care,
 Displays Its Beauties, and perfumes the Air,
 Salutes the rising Sun, and proudly gay,
 Folds up its Leaves but with the closing Day,
 Nipt by the Eastern Wind, untimely fades,
 Its Sweets forsake it, and its Glory sheds.

IV.

Mourn, O You Muses! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:

Behold

Behold the Queen of Love, in mournful State,
Veil'd is her Face, and solemn is her Gait,
Her splendid Vestments all are laid aside,
And deep her Groans as when *Adonis* dy'd.
Her Band of *Cupids* weeping all around,
Their Bows and Quivers scatter'd on the Ground,
All chanting, sadly, in a mournful Strain,
Death's fatal Pow'r, and Beauty's short-liv'd Reign.

Beauty's the Sunshine of an *April* Day,
Which gilds the Plains, and makes all Nature gay;
But soon, alas! wide o'er the darken'd Skies,
The gathering Clouds and blust'ring Tempests rise,
Down pour the Rains, the rolling Torrents roar,
Lost is the Sun, and glads the Plains no more.

V.

Mourn, O You Muses! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain:

Search

Search wide around amongst the shady Bow'rs,
 Collect the fairest and the sweetest Flow'rs ;
 The Pink, the Lilly, and the Crimson Rose,
 A various Garland for her Head compose.
 Her lovely Coarse with every Leaf bestrew,
 Which boasts a grateful Scent, or pleasing Hue ;
 The next kind Spring does all their Pride restore
 But She, alas ! will ne'er delight us more !

Slow, silent, passing on, in sad Array,
 Attend, You Virgins ! to inter her Clay,
 All rob'd in White : around each drooping Head
 Let mournful *Cypress* cast its gloomy Shade ;
 The dismal Garland, and the snowy Dress, [ness.
 Witness her Virtue pure, and your own Wretched-

When You approach the melancholy Grave,
 Where blended lye, the Monarch and the Slave,
 The

The Good, the Bad, the Timorous, and the Bold,
The Foul, the Fair, the Youthful, and the Old,
Each take a last cold Kiss : Bid Sorrow flow :
Lay down the dear Remains : ——— and give a
Loose to Woe :

Then whilst you joyn in this Solemnity, [be.
Think, what *Florinda* was, and what your selves must

Mourn, O You Muses! mourn, You Virgin Train!
Florinda's gone, the Pride of all the Plain :
But for your selves, not Her, your Sorrows shed,
She's gone, indeed, but not amongst the Dead.
Heav'n has reclaim'd its own : — her beauteous
Frame.

[came ;
Her wond'rous Goodness, told from whence she
And Death, the Messenger of gracious *Jove*,
But call'd Her hence, to fill her Place above.

F

Behold !

Nature be hush'd, for *Musidora* sings,
 And every Passion now is chang'd to Love;
Seraphs and *Cherubs*, bend, attentive, down,
 Admire Her Musick, and forget their own.



To a Deaf young Lady.

When Nature form'd You thus divinely
 Fair,
 He meant to shew Mankind what Angels are :
 Your Heav'nly Bloom, your just-proportion'd
 Frame,
 Your generous Breast, your Innocence the same,
 Celestial All : With native Lustre bright,
 Pleasing the Soul as *Phæbus* glads the Sight.

Nature thus far, her own great Pow'r to shew;
 But next, regards the Happiness of You :
 Kindly with-holding one delusive Sense,
 She saves You from Mankind's Impertinence.



To a Painter : drawing her Picture.

L E T All that's charming, All that's good,
 appear

In ev'ry Touch : — Thou can'st not flatter here.
 With trembling Awe trace out each beauteous Line,
 Consider : She Thou pictur'st is divine.
 Observe each Feature, mark each blooming Grace,
 And all the Heav'n which opens in her Face ;
 Then stop thy Hand at the surprizing View,
 Nor madly dare beyond what Art can do.

The

*The* E N Q U I R Y.

WHAT is this Love? This Source of
Human-Woe?

This being mad, and chusing to be so?

This Gall of Life? This Fever of the Soul?

This Flame which burns beneath the frozen Pole?

This Bane of Joy? This general Disease,

Which in all Climes, and on all Ranks, doth seize?

This fatal Pill, whose gilding tempts the Eye,

But swallow'd down brings Care and Misery?

Its Pains are all the Torments of Despair ;

Its Joys scarce known, and fleeting as the Air ;

Smiles are its Food, Fruition all its Aim,

A poor insipid Joy, scarce worthy of a Name.



The COMPARISON.

MAdness, and Love, are different but in Name,
And in Degree: Their Symptoms just the
[same.

A simple Frown the Lover's Peace destroys;
And in a Smile He finds a thousand Joys.

Great, in his Straw, the other Mad-Man reigns,
Kingdoms o'erthrows, and triumphs,—in his Chains;
Or, sunk beneath imaginary Ills,
Substantial Grief, and real Torment feels.

Bedlam for one, for t'other *Hymen* waits;
How hard to chuse between such equal Fates!
Equal! said I: —————

Ah

Oh no! Its Consequence does sadly prove
The greatest Madness is to be in Love.



To FLORA. A SONG.

I.

WHY strive You, *Flora!* thus, to hide
The Kindness You have for me,
And force your self to frown, and chide,
And tell me, You abhor me?

II.

'Tis vain, on me, your Arts to try,
Who know your Inclination:
For in your Eyes I plainly spy
Your Anger's Affectation.

F 4

III. Cease,

HE

Cease, then, to vex your self, and me,
 There needs no further Tryal :
 Your Love's as great as mine can be,
 In Spight of your Denyal.



D E A T H.

I.

DEATH is the Road to everlasting Life,
 To Palms, and Crowns, and to eternal Joy
 Unmixt with Sorrow : Where no Care, nor Strife,
 Or Hopes, or Fears, the Happiness destroys ;
 But where Content, and Love, and perfect Peace
 And Bliss, abides, which never knows Decrease.

II. Death

II.

Death is a Friend, that sets the Wretched free,
From Pain, and Want, and all their Suff'rings here :
That laughs at disappointed Tyranny,
And makes the Slave no more his Bondage fear ;
That heals the Sick, the Hungry kindly fills,
And cures Mankind of all their worldly Ills.

III.

Death is a Gate, that opens differently
Two folding Doors, which lead contrary Ways ;
Thro' This the Good Man finds Felicity,
The Bad thro' That to endless Ruin strays :
Herein They both the self-same Rule retain,
Who enters once must ne'er return again.



L O V E.



L O V E.

In Amore hæc insunt.

LOVE's an headstrong wild Desire
To possess what we admire:
Hurrying on without reflecting,
All, that's just, or wise, neglecting.
Pain, or Pleasure, it is neither,
But Excess of both together ;
Now, addressing, cringing, whining,
Vowing, fretting, weeping, pining,
Murm'ring, languishing, and sighing,
Mad, despairing, raving, dying :
Now, careffing, laughing, toying,
Fondling, kissing, and enjoying.

Always

Always in Extreame abiding,
Without measure, fond, or chiding:
Either, furious, with possessing,
Or despairing of the Blessing:
Now, transported; now, tormented;
Still uneasy; ne'er contented.
None can tell its Rise, or Progress,
Or its Ingress, or its Egress,
Whether by a Look produced,
Or by Sympathy infused.

Fancy does so well maintain it,
Weaker Reason can't restrain it,
but is forc'd to fly before it,
Or else worship and adore it.





On CONTENT.

GIVE me, O God ! (for all Things come
from Thee)

Content, that richest Cordial of the Soul :

Possessing This, I happier shall be,

In my neglected low Degree,

Than He who does in Heaps of Riches roll.

Chymists, long in vain, have sought

The Philosophick-Stone to find,

What Labour had been spar'd ! if They had
thought

To look for't where it is, in a contented Mind.



The EXECRATION.

I.

DOwn quick, to Hell's dark Shades below,
Damn'd to never-ending Woe,
May He, the guilty Mortal go,
Who with his Lies and Oaths deludes the Fair,
Then false, and changing as the Air,
Leaves Her to vain Remorse, and black Despair.

II.

May there, before his starting Eyes,
Hell's most hideous Forms arise,
And hollow in his Ears his Perjuries.
For ever may the Furies lash his Soul,
And He with racking Anguish howl,
Whilst Tortures always changing round him roll.

Let

Let thus, you Powers! eternal Vengeance find
 Each impious Wretch, whose brutish Mind
 Proves to complying Beauty faithless or unkind.



The BEAUTIES of ENFIELD.

Magnum Iter ascendo, sed dat mihi Gloria Vires.
 Propertius.

THE Maids of *Britain*, in the Times of old,
 Were fam'd for Beauty; so have Poets told:
 But ne'er could *Britain* boast so bright a Race
 As what does now her happy Annals grace.

Our Fathers glory'd, if, sometimes, They found
 A lovely *Salisbury*, or *Rosamond*:
 Names, could They now return to Life again,
 Must undistinguish'd, in the Crowd, remain.

Then,

Then, Beauty thin was scatter'd, here and there ;
Now, a full Harvest rises every where.

But, much superior in each heav'nly Grace,
Appear the Fair Ones of the *Enfield* Race:
Born to command, supremely bright They shine,
And with their Eyes assert the Right divine.
Ten thousand charms, in each, at once display
Their blended Radiance, and eclipse the Day.

Why then, O Muse ! remains thy Harp unstrung ?
Still art Thou silent, and are These unstrung !
Arise for Shame, to distant Times declare,
How much These are the Fairest of the Fair.

Whereby They reign, wherein They most excel,
Severely just, to all impartial, tell :

Whose

Whose Shape, whose Air, whose Manners most
surprize;

Whose sparkling Wit, and whose commanding
[Eyes.

Whilst Others, led by mercenary Views,
Carrs the Great, and prostitute the Muse,
Be thine Ambition, thy peculiar Care,
In lasting Numbers to record the Fair:
Each Maid celestial in thy Verse be shown,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace whereby Herself is
[known.

Florida, blooming, with an Air divine,
Strait as the Cedar, graceful as the Pine,
Sweetly majestic like the Queen of *Jove*,
Checking Presumption, but commanding Love.

Anna, whose Eyes eternal Joys disclose;
Bright as the Lilly, sweeter than the Rose:

The

The *Cyprian* Dame she looks, she talks, she moves,
Gay as her Sparrows, gentle as her Doves.

Eliza, Nature's Pride, in whom we view
The finest Lines her Pencil ever drew ;
Her Smiles outline the Glories of the Spring,
And Angels listen when she deigns to sing.

Belinda, lov'd by All : In whom we find
A Form engaging, a celestial Mind :
Wife, but not vain : Superior, but not proud :
Above, and yet descending to the Crowd.
The Gods to Her have much Good-nature giv'n,
That richest Blessing in the Stores of Heav'n,

Not thus, *Roxana*, who in Scandal bold,
Censures the Young, and ridicules the Old :
In Pastime flings malicious Slanders round,
And with each Laugh inflicts a deadly Wound :

No Tyes whatever can her Wit controul,
Nor would she lose a Jest to save a Soul.

Wit, unrestrain'd by Reason's cool Command,
Is like a Dagger in a Mad-Man's Hand,
With Mischief wantoning, It strikes at All,
And Friends and Foes alike before Its Fury fall.

With Beauty blest, *Amanda* trips along,
And all around the *Loves* and *Graces* throng,
Bask: in her Smiles, and wanton in her Eyes,
Whilst each Beholder sighs, adores, and dies.

Sing, Thou, O Muse! *Lusinda*, heav'nly Fair!
Her artless Blushes, her endearing Air :
Her generous Soul unable to pretend,
Her gentle Language speaking still the Friend,
To blame unwilling, eager to commend,

Lovely.

Lovely but luckless ! Weeping all around,
 Her Train of *Loves*, with Bands of Willow bound,
 And *Hymen's* Torch extinguisht on the Ground.

Sing, *Rosalinda*, glorious to behold,
 Her Eyes of Diamonds, and her Hair of Gold,
 Rubies her Lips, two heaving Hills of Snow
 Her Breasts, whence all *Arabia's* Odours flow.

Miranda smiling like the Month of *May*,
 Mild as the Dawning, brighter than the Day.
 How fair the Flow'r, when such the Bud appears !
 And what her Prime, when thus her Infant Years !

These, and the rest, O Muse ! do Thou rehearse,
 And may their Names for ever grace thy Verse :
 Who first in Publick, who in Private shine,
 Their Arts declare, and whither They incline.

Her, prais'd for Householdry, whose spreading
Large Works of rich Embroidery proclaim. [Fame

While thro' the Tent the nimble Needle flies,
Trees, Fruits, and Flowers, Men and Monkeys, rise,
And naked *Cupids*—hunting ——— Butterflies.

That beautiful Maid who charms the Eyes of all
Where'er she moves : O could thy Numbers fall
Smooth as her Dance when she adorns the Ball !
In times, exact like her's, the Planets run
Their constant Courses round about the Sun.

! The Fair One shew whose Conduct is approv'd
And Her whom Envy blames for having lov'd :
Who sittest at the Tea-Table presides ;
Who diffident, or in Herself confides :
The Maid most prudent : The most ready She
At close Dispute, or sprightly *Repartee* :

Who

Who unaffected, cheerful spends her Time :
And who reserv'd, believes a Smile a Crime :
Who most minds Other's ; who her own Affairs :
And who, religious, always comes to Prayers.

Aurelia, never seen without a Smile,
But deaf and cruel as the Crocodile,
Who proud of Power, arms her Eyes to kill.

Mira, mischievous, but against her Will :
Her Bosom swells with Pity when she hears
The Lover's Sighs, and sees his flowing Tears :
With such Compassion smooths his raging Pain,
He may be wretched, ~~no~~ but cannot complain.

Wanton Statira, frisking o'er the Lawns,
Thoughtless and sportive as the bounding Hawks :
All Forms deriding with a decent Pride,
She scorns by Others ~~Manners~~ to be try'd ;

Freedom

Freedom enjoying, by no Rules confin'd,
Acts what she lists, uncertain as the Wind.

Describe whom Dress, whom Negligence adorns;
Who strives for Conquest, and who Conquest scorns:
Who can the longest List of Lovers boast:
And who has ponder'd melting *Ovid* most:
The various Charms of each commanding Maid
Is now thy Task,——and *Cupid* be thine Aid.

Begin the Song: —————

————— but, hark! methinks I hear
Phæbus forbidding, whisper in mine Ear,
Forbear, Vain Bard! correct thy wild Career.
Timely desist, while Thou may'st be forgiv'n,
Presumptuous Mortal! would'st Thou picture
Heav'n! ———
Learn thine own Strength: nor rashly strive to rise
On flagging Pinions to explore the Skies;

Remember

Remember Him who soar'd too near the Sun,
And warn'd by his sad Fate prevent thine own

Great God ! the Muse obeys.—————

————— Her Want of Skill
Excuse, You Fair Ones ! and accept her Will.
For tho' unequal, She the Task declines,
And scarce dares view these undigested Lines,
Her mean Endeavours, may, perhaps, incite
Some able Bard to sing your Charms aright.

As first in Beauty, so for ever stand
Foremost in Fame, superior in Command,
You Maids of *Enfield*, may your Charms be known
Beneath the rising and the setting Sun !
And all Mankind to You their Homage pay,
Whilst Empires change, and Ages roll away !

F I N I S.